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**A SHELLEY NOTEBOOK**



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THE  
SHELLEY NOTEBOOK

*IN THE*

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*Reproduced with Notes and a Postscript*

BY

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

CAMBRIDGE

JOHN BARNARD ASSOCIATES

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## PREFATORY NOTE

THIS volume contains the earliest and the latest of Mr. Woodberry's publications on Shelley. Nearly half a century ago he prepared the description of the Harvard Shelley Notebook, which has ever since been the official record of its contents; and he contributes to the present reproduction of that precious treasure his recollections of his first acquaintance with it.

The vellum-bound notebook in which Shelley and his wife had written some of the poet's most prized verses came to Harvard in the year 1877, to be placed in the College Library for safe keeping. By chance good fortune, Mr. Woodberry, then in his Senior year in college, happened to be present when the volume was first brought to Cambridge to be shown privately; and he was privileged to hold it in his hands. He re-examined his original notes upon it in the spring of 1929, when he revisited the Library to inaugurate the series of talks on poetry provided for Harvard students by the gift of his classmate of 1877, Morris Gray.

The Notebook belonged to Mr. Edward A. Silsbee, who had secured it while living in Florence, from Miss Claire Claremont. When Mr. Silsbee returned to Europe in 1887, he gave the book to Harvard. The gift was signalized by the publication, as the Library's *Bibliographical Contribution*, No. 30, of 'Shelley's Skylark. A Facsimile of the Original Manuscript with Notes on Other Manuscripts of Shelley, in Harvard College Library.' The facsimile is followed by an editorial note, on a single page, giving the

list of contents of this Notebook, including the titles of poems which were on the missing leaves, as supplied from the written Index. There is nothing about other manuscripts of Shelley.

Mr. Woodberry made at that time a careful examination of the contents of the Notebook, and his detailed description of it was printed by the Library in 1889 as its *Bibliographical Contribution*, No. 35: 'Notes on the MS. Volume of Shelley's Poems in the Library of Harvard College.' These 'Notes' are reprinted on the following pages, with a few additional comments.

The John Barnard Associates feel under many obligations to Mr. Woodberry for his generous collaboration in the preparation of this publication. Grateful thanks are also due to Mr. Carl H. Pforzheimer for additional proof of his keen interest in everything that relates to Percy Bysshe Shelley.



NOTES ON A MANUSCRIPT OF  
SHELLEY'S POEMS

These 'Notes' are reprinted, with a few additions,  
from BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CONTRIBUTIONS, No. 35,  
issued by the Harvard College Library in 1889.

## NOTES ON A MANUSCRIPT OF SHELLEY'S POEMS

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THIS volume was given to the Library by Mr. Edward A. Silsbee, who received it from a lady in Florence closely connected with the Shelleys. It is a thin quarto bound in parchment. Many leaves have been cut out, but the titles of the missing poems are supplied by an index at the end. It was plainly a copy-book and not intended for use in original composition. The aim of the following notes is to place before students of the text of Shelley the variations which this volume supplies from the text of Forman's edition, London, 1876. Words in the ms. differing from the Forman text are in *italics*; if the variations are of another character, they are not indicated by difference of type. In disputed passages, when no information is given below, it is to be understood that Forman's text is sustained by the ms. Variations in pointing and capitalizing are, as a rule, not noted; neither are the cancelled readings. Forman's titles, when differing from those in the ms., are printed in *italics* between parentheses.

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Pages 1-46: cut out.

47-60: THE SENSITIVE PLANT. Pisa, March, 1820.

Mrs. Shelley's hand; the date in Shelley's hand.

Part I; lines 29-33, do not occur.

47, glide *or* dance

- 49, lawn and moss  
 82, *And* the plumed  
 83, *in* a sunny sea  
 II 23, *the* going (Mrs. Shelley's reading)  
 59, *Through* all the sweet  
 III 23, mist of morning  
 28, And lilies were drooping white and wan  
 32, Leaf *by* leaf, day after day  
 63, *mists*  
 66-69, struck out.  
 [73, up, inserted in pencil\*]  
 100, and *their* sudden flight from *the* frost [the,  
 crossed out in pencil\*]  
 102, Under the roots  
 Conclusion. Not divided from the preceding. [The  
 heading inserted in pencil.\*]  
 1, *And if* the  
 5, *Or if* that

*Note, Part III., line 32.* Shelley's edition reads "*Leaf after leaf, day after day.*" Mrs. Shelley's editions substitute *by* for the second *after*. Mr. Swinburne (*Essays and Studies*, p. 186) supports this reading as probably correct. [See the facsimile, page 55\*]

Forman cites the parallel lines in *Rosalind and Helen*, "*But day by day, week after week,*" and "*And hour by hour, day after day.*" The reading afforded by the ms., being identical with these, and more melodious than that of Mrs. Shelley, may safely be accepted. *Lines 66-69*; similarly omitted in Mrs. Shelley's editions, but restored in Forman and Rossetti in the absence of ms. authority for the omission. This authority is now found.

\* Additions to the original publication of these notes, in the *Bibliographical Contributions*, 1889, are marked with an asterisk.

[The page number 51 is repeated, so that the odd number is on the left hand page, to 109.\*]

PAGES 61-68: A VISION OF THE SEA. Pisa, April, 1820.

Shelley's hand; the date, Shelley's hand.

Line 8, *sunk* (Mrs. Shelley's reading)

35, *by* the waters

37, *sits*

38, crew *who*

87, *the* smiling disguise

160, grasps it *convulsively*

*Note.* The past tenses are not contracted, and the spelling *tyger* is used. See Forman, ii., p. 281, *note* 1; p. 282, *note* 1.

PAGES 69-70: TO NIGHT. Mrs. Shelley's hand.

Line 1, *o'er* the western wave

PAGE 71: AN ANACREONTIC (*Love's Philosophy*).

Florence, January, 1820. Shelley's hand.

Line 3, *melt together*

15, were *these examples* worth

*Note.* The poem was first published in *The Indicator*, Dec. 22, 1819. The present ms. version differs from that of *The Indicator*, as above, and also in lines 11 and 12, in which it has the later form. It would naturally be thought that the readings above were earlier than these of *The Indicator*, but the date, January, 1820, is against that view, and in the ms. the word *all* is written before "*these examples*" and crossed out, as if the common reading were in the mind of the writer and had been rejected, or else the reading, "all this sweet work," which occurs in the Stacey ms. in Leigh Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book* for 1819, given by Shelley to Miss Sophia Stacey, Dec. 29, 1820.

Pages 72-75: cut out.

Pages 76-77: AN EXHORTATION. Pisa, April, 1820.

Shelley's hand.

Line 10, *in*

*Note.* The date sustains Rossetti's suggestion that this was the poem sent to Mrs. Gisborne by Shelley, May 8, 1820. (Shelley Memorials, p. 141.)

Pages 78-80: ODE TO HEAVEN. Florence, December, 1819.

Shelley's hand.

Pages 81-83: SONG (*Rarely, rarely, comest thou*) Pisa, May, 1820. Mrs. Shelley's hand; date, Shelley's hand.

Pages 84-86: A DREAM (*The Question*). Mrs. Shelley's hand.

Line 14, enclosed in parentheses.

15, *Heaven's collected*

31, punctuate, *And bulrushes and reeds,*

Page 85:

[17-32. The two stanzas, iii-iv, on page 85 have several accepted readings in pencil, so faintly written that the photographer failed to get them in making the plates for the Facsimile. None of the editors who have examined this Notebook, so far as noticed, have recorded the following variant, and apparently original, readings:

Line 17, *then* cancelled, *lush* careted after *grew*

18, *Green* substituted for *And*

23, *azure* substituted for *green &*

26, *purple* substituted for *azure*

28, *floating* substituted for *loveliest*

30, *With moonlight beams of their* substituted for *Floating below, in its*



Page 87: ODE TO LIBERTY. Shelley's hand.

Lines 1-3, A glorious people vibrated again

The lightning of the Nations — Liberty

From heart to heart, (etc.)

4, *unto* the sky

10, Heaven

11, the spirits whirlwind *wrapt* it

15, *Deep. I*

16, moon

17, Abyss

18, Heaven

19, Island

*Note.* The page ends with line 21, and is crossed out. The punctuation of the opening lines, however, is important in view of Forman's emendation, and the use of capitals (not elsewhere noticed in this paper) is an instructive example of Shelley's habit with regard to them.

Pages 88-89; cut out.

Page 90: THE INDIAN SERENADE. Shelley's hand.

Line 3, The winds

4, *burning* (*The Liberal* reading)

7, *Has borne* (Mrs. Shelley reads *has led*, 1824)

11, *The champak* odours (Mrs. Shelley's reading, 1824) [altered to *Champak*.\*]

15, As I must *die* on thine (Mrs. Shelley's reading, 1839)

16, *Oh* beloved as thou art! (Mrs. Shelley's reading, 1839)

17, *Oh*

23, it *close to thine* again (Mrs. Shelley's reading, 1824)

*Note.* The text of this poem is much disputed. Forman derives his reading in lines 11, 16, 23, from a ms. found on Shelley's person after his death and deciphered by Browning; the same source gives *hath* for *has* in line 7, agreeing with the first published version, *The Liberal*, no. ii., 1822. In line 15, *die* is omitted by *The Liberal* and by Mrs. Shelley's edition, 1824, but is restored by her in 1839. Rossetti rejects the Browning readings. A ms. copy, given by Shelley to Miss Sophia Stacey in 1819, is said to be extant, but there is no account of it, further than that Rossetti mentions seeing a copy of it.

Pages 91-92: SONG (*Remembrance*). Shelley's hand.

Line 5, As the *earth* when leaves are *dead*,

6, *sped*

7, *fled*

10, *her* reign

*Note.* Forman's text is from a ms. in Shelley's hand on the fly-leaf of a copy of *Adonais*, then owned by Lord Houghton. Rossetti describes a ms., also in Shelley's hand, sent to Mrs. Williams; he received it from Trelawney. The present ms. is Mrs. Shelley's text, and seems intermediate between the other two.

Pages 92-93: TO WILLIAM ("My lost William"). Shelley's hand.

Motto: with what truth *may I* say —

Line 16, Of sweet flowers.

Pages 94-97: cut out.

Pages 98-99: blank.

Pages 100-105: TO A SKYLARK. In Shelley's hand.

*Note.* Line 15: the reading *unbodied* disposes of the much disputed emendation, *embodied*, and sustains the original editions.

Pages 106–109: SONG (*To the Men of England*), torn out,  
except a small portion on which may be  
read two or three words of stanzas 4  
and 8.

Pages 109 (duplicate) 117, [118–145, no page numbers\*]:  
HYMN TO MERCURY. Translated from  
the Greek of Homer. Mrs. Shelley's  
hand.

Stanza 3, line 7, in *his*

13,      5, *Ocian* spray. [A lapse on the part of  
the writer, whose *e* and *i* are very  
much alike, except for the dot; in this  
stanza each *i* was apparently dotted  
after the lines were written.]

14,      5, *Piera's*

29,      7, *wills* not

31,      4, *depth*

32,      7, *neighbour*

43,      3, *hurl* [?]

5, *or* your

53,      3, purpose — as

61,      3, *Or*

62,      6, in great *ruth* [?]

74,      2, heifer *killing*

77,      7, As now. I

85,      7, *as of an adept*

93,      5, *mist*

96,      7, *from* death

97,      2, *covered their love with joy*

5, *wandering* far

*Note.* The reading in stanza 43, line 3, is a valuable  
restoration, and several others are worth consideration;

that in 97, line 2, especially, seems to settle a difficult point satisfactorily. In stanza 62 it is interesting to compare Rossetti, iii., p. 429, note; here all editions have *wrath* for *ruth*, and Rossetti observes: "The rhyming of 'wrath' with 'untruth' is an ultra-Shelleyan audacity; there is no opening for a suspicion of misprinting." The sense requires 'wrath,' it is true; but the word 'ruth' is written in this ms. It may be remarked also, in stanza 93, that the spelling *mist* for *missed* in Mrs. Shelley's edition, on which Forman annotates, iv., p. 180, note 1, may have been in consequence of the rhymes above; but it is also possibly due to the cramping of the word into a small space at the lower outside corner of the page, as this ms. shows it.

Pages 145 (duplicate)–148: TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

Shelley's hand.

Line 50, *snares and arts* [or *acts*\*]

60, *soul is* (Mrs. Shelley's reading in two copies written by her, but not in her editions)

*Note.* This poem is the only one which shows signs of being composed on the page itself; it is much erased and interlined, and two stanzas, 7 and 8, which the poet found it impossible to shape in their place, are left in confusion and afterwards added at the end in fair script.

Pages 149–150: ENGLAND (*Lines written during the Castle-reagh administration*). Shelley's hand.

Line 4, *death-white*

16, *festival din* (Mrs. Shelley's reading)

25, *the* ("thy" altered) (Mrs. Shelley's reading)

*Note.* In line 4, *death* is added above the line. The same correction, with others, was adopted by Rossetti from a later ms. in Shelley's hand purchased for an American collector at a sale in 1874.

Page 150: SONG (*Good-Night*).

Shelley's hand.

*Note.* Rossetti gives a different version, derived from the Stacey MS. in the *Literary Pocket-Book* already mentioned.

Page 151: SONNET ("Ye hasten to the dead"). Hand different from the others.

Line 7, *must* go

8, *would* know

*Note.* See Forman, iv., p. 572, and Rossetti, iii., p. 408, for an account of a later MS.

Page 152: SONNET, TO THE REPUBLIC OF BENEVENTO  
(*Political Greatness*).

Shelley's hand.

Line 6, *its* pageant

*Note.* No explanation of the title has been found.

Pages 153-158: BALLAD. YOUNG PARSON RICHARDS.

Mrs. Shelley's hand; corrections, Shelley's hand.

*Note.* This is an unpublished poem of twenty-one stanzas of four lines each, except the first, which has five lines. It is entirely valueless in itself and uninformative with respect either to Shelley or to the growth of his poetical genius.

[It was printed by Walter Edwin Peck in the *Philological Quarterly* for April, 1926. Separately issued, "One of one hundred copies only printed for private distribution." "Now first published from the manuscript in Harvard University Library," Iowa City, Iowa, 1926.\*]

Page 159: INDEX, ending on inside of opposite cover. The titles of missing poems thus supplied are as follows, Forman's substitute-titles being italicized:

Page 1: Maddalo and Julian

30: The Mask of Anarchy

38: To S[idmou]th and C[astlere]gh (*Similes for Two Political Characters of 1819*)

39: E. . . . d (*Sonnet: England in 1819?*)

40: An Ode (*Ode written October, 1819?*)

42: Translation from Moschus (*Pan, Echo and the Satyr*)

43: A Fragment

72: Lines written at Naples

75: Sonnet ("Lift not the painted veil"?)

88-90: contents not given, possibly blank.

106: To ——, a sonnet (*Lines to a Reviewer?*)

107: Men of England, a song.

109: To ——

145: To L[or]d E[ldo]n

*Note.* Of the poems now contained in this volume, six were published by Shelley with *Prometheus Unbound*. They were The Sensitive Plant, A Vision of the Sea, An Exhortation, Ode to Heaven, To a Skylark, and Ode to Liberty; the first three are marked *published* in the ms. Of the remainder, all were published by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, except To the Lord Chancellor, and England (*Lines written during the Castlereagh Administration*). Of the poems shown by the Index to be missing, Maddalo and Julian and Lines written at Naples were also published in the same volume. It may safely be conjectured that the



Translation from Moschus is the one so entitled in the same volume, and that the two sonnets, not further entitled, are "*Lift not the painted veil*" and "*Alas, good friend*" (*Lines to a Reviewer*), which directly follow "*Ye hasten to the dead*" and *Political Greatness*, also in the same volume. "*Alas, good friend*" is but thirteen lines and the rhymes are not in sonnet form; but the title To —, a sonnet, would give Mrs. Shelley's authority for calling the poem a sonnet; and, in the absence of any other piece answering to this title and belonging to the period of the MS., it is altogether likely that this is the one referred to. The four sonnets published by Mrs. Shelley in 1824 would then be all in this list. To — and A Fragment may be any of several pieces so entitled in the *Posthumous Poems*.

It appears, therefore, that all the poems originally in this volume were published by Mrs. Shelley in 1824, except those which had previously appeared with *Prometheus Unbound* and those which were political. Of these last, the Masque of Anarchy was published by Leigh Hunt in 1832; England (*Lines written during the Castlereagh Administration*), and To S[idmou]th and C[astlereagh] (*Similes for two Political Characters of 1819*) were published by Medwin, *Shelley Papers*, 1833, reprinted from *The Athenaeum*, 1832. Mrs. Shelley included in her collected editions of 1839 the above (with variations in the first two), and added To the Lord Chancellor and Song to the Men of England; she also then published the Sonnet, England in 1819, conjectured here to be that indexed as E . . . d. The "Ode," if a slight conjecture may be based on the grouping by Mrs. Shelley, may be that entitled by her To the Assertors of Liberty (*Ode written October, 1819*), originally published with *Prometheus Unbound*, or possibly the National Anthem, published in the second edition of 1839.

It is possible that Mrs. Shelley used this ms. volume for the *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, and excluded from her collection at that time the political pieces; or she may have derived from it only material for her editions of 1839; or she may have used it upon both occasions. The fact that her exact dates affixed to poems in the edition of 1824 are the same with those in this ms., support the view that she then had access to it. It may not be superfluous to add that her variations from Hunt's later and better ms. of Julian and Maddalo would be explained by this means without the need of supposing that she "edited" the text unadvisedly or carelessly; the date affixed by her, Rome, May, 1819, would also be justified, since these dates are all apparently not those of composition but of entry in the volume. Similar considerations apply to her variations from Hunt in the text of *The Masque of Anarchy*. The ms. of that poem, which is missing from this volume and which Mrs. Shelley may have used, is apparently not that facsimiled by the Shelley Society in its Publications. Whether this ms. volume was a source of Mrs. Shelley's text or not, it nearly represents it, and is interesting as tending to establish her fidelity to Shelley's mss. and to increase the authority of her text, when it is not superseded by that of mss. later than those in her possession.

## POSTSCRIPT

IF AFTER forty years I may add a postscript to this Note, it may be of interest to recall briefly my first acquaintance with this MS. Book. One of the most vivid memories of my Harvard days is of the Sunday morning in my Senior year, when Mr. Silsbee brought it into Professor Palmer's house, where I was breakfasting. I recall the way in which he handled the volume, carefully, fluttering the leaves as he picked out some of the more characteristic pages of the script, passing over others quickly, as if he felt a trust in his hands, and a privacy not to be lost sight of — something precious and intimate and inviolable — the sense of which long lingered in me. After a while I held in my own hands myself what was to me a sacred relic. I can still feel the thrill in my fingers, as they moved over lines where Shelley's hand had hovered, while I listened to the accompaniment of Silsbee's impetuous enthusiasm — "Shelley-mad" he was — and shyly gave it back to him, reduplicated from the fervors of my ardent youth.

Toward noon he set out to call on Lowell, not very far away, who was sure to be interested in such a poetical relic. On his return, it was plain to see he had met with a chill; a cold, but repressed, rage still fumed in him, till it should find vent; for Lowell had asked him the hoary question that has passed the wise lips of many, — "Do you find any thought in Shelley?" It was as if one should ask a Persian, "Do you find any perfume in the rose?" The atmosphere of Harvard had never been very favorable to Shelley; in my own day my young enthusiasm was only tolerated as something that might be expected from me,

but "not just the thing"; and there is good reason to believe that the chill still lingers in the old halls. But Silsbee, however coldly blown upon by his native air, was a New Englander, and knew the rock whence he was hewn. "New England never could by any process relish him," he wrote later of Shelley. As for Lowell's question, it merely confirmed him in his oft-repeated belief that "America had never grown up poetically." New England, however, was not alone in its disrelish. The same fortune he had with Lowell, Silsbee met with, a little later, here with Arnold, who by then had proclaimed the advent of the famous "ineffectual angel." They met and interchanged pleasant notes, the one venturing that "if it were not for the charm of his beautiful disposition and nature, Shelley would hardly live into the next (*i. e.*, the present) century," and the other countering with the view that (with Keats) Shelley was "the greatest loss that English literature—perhaps universal literature—has sustained."

It was hardly in nature that two such devotees to Shelley, once in touch, should drift hopelessly apart, and in the next decade after our first encounter we met at rare intervals. Silsbee was a picturesque and arresting character, wherever it might be, with a touch of the sea about him, an Essex County look in his complexion and build, that told a knowing eye of his ancestry and youth, when he had left a name in the China seas. At times he frequented a house on the Beverly shore, near me, where I recall listening to the vibrations of a Japanese temple-gong in the garden, that he would strike for me; or we fleeted the August moons together on summer nights, walking from his gate to my doorstep, and reversing, and walking again, and repeating, with talk (for he was not a man of one book) artistic, musical, literary, till the loud

fall of waves on the beach told of midnight; but ever the talk veered home to Shelley. "Shelley," he said, "was like an element always near you, — a part of one's mental breathing." It was true of us. He would repeat, ever and anon, snatches of Shelley's verse. He was the only person I ever knew who could read Shelley like a poet, with the voice that transforms and recreates the scene. (Of course he never *read* him, but repeated these "snatches of his verse.") He had caught the magic by which the music in the verse brought the landscape emotionally, as well as objectively, before the mind and eye, the mood of the scene as well as its visual aspect. It was a revelation to hear him repeat some favorite bit of this miraculous interpretation of the scene by the modulation of the lines. The fragment "Marengi" is permeated with this music:

"There is a point of strand  
Near Vado's tower and town: and on one side  
The treacherous marsh divides it from the land,  
Shadowed by pine and ilex forests wide,  
And on the other creeps eternally,  
Through muddy weeds, the shallow sullen sea."

It is the voice of the sea, of the wilderness, of the poet, made one. This was a favorite example.

At a time later than these episodes, ten years after Silsbee had brought the book to America, he gave it to Harvard, and shortly afterwards the Library issued a Facsimile of "To a Skylark," with a letter from him; but this publication seeming to some of us insufficient for Shelley students, Mr. Winsor kindly allowed me to prefix the above Notes, and with them the Facsimile was reissued early in November, 1889. It is uncertain whether it was on my own judgment or by advice that the cancelled pas-

sages were then not given. A lingering sense of the privacy of the volume, derived from my first acquaintance with it, was always present in my mind. When, however, it fell to me to edit Shelley's poems on his centenary, it seeming desirable, in view of the universal practice of Shelley editors, to include these cancelled readings, Mr. Winsor wrote to me (March 1, 1893) as follows:

"Mr. Silsbee just prior to going abroad in 1887 surrendered the Shelley MS. to us *in toto*, it having been only deposited previously, with conditions as to the use of it, imposed by himself. I have no recollection of the restraints put upon you to confine your mem<sup>a</sup> to the uncanceled variations. If I expressed an opinion then that the cancelled readings should be let alone, it was a matter of judgment, not of direction, I suspect. I see no reason why you may not now make (as you could have made then) what use you like of the cancelled readings."

These readings consequently were included in my edition of Shelley's poems (1892). However, I still withheld from publication the ballad, "Poor Parson Richards," remembering how on my first sight of it Silsbee had covered it with his hand, saying, as I recall it, that it was "not quite worthy" of Shelley; and I am glad to add that my decision (which was entirely upon poetical, not ethical grounds) had the approval of Dr. Richard Garnett, who wrote, — "The ballad had certainly better remain in obscurity, being what you describe it to be. Is it really Shelley's, do you think? If so, it must be one of his attempts to compose poetry in a popular style as an aid to political agitation about 1819."

The little book that once seemed so private, long so carefully guarded, is now made bare to the world as a



Roman chamber, partly that it may be preserved more sacredly, partly because it is felt that a great poet's work belongs to all the world. Silsbee gave it to Harvard to be, in the ancient words, a *monumentum aere perennius* to Shelley's immortal fame, to bring him near to the hearts and eyes and senses of Harvard youth, and that they might, generation after generation, feel, as, by the chance of time, I was the first of them to do, the touch of Shelley's living hand upon the page.

G. E. W.



# THE FACSIMILE



The Sensitive Plant.

+ published

— Part First.

A Sensitive plant in a garden grew,  
and the young winds fed it with silver dew  
and it opened its join-like leaves to the light  
and closed them beneath the kisses of night

And the Spring arose <sup>2</sup> on the garden fair  
like the Spirit of love felt everywhere;  
and each flower & herb on Earth's dark breast  
throse from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled & haunted with bliss <sup>3</sup>  
In the garden, the field or the wilderness;  
like a doe in the moon-tide, with love's sweet want  
as the companionless Sensitive-plant.

The snow-drop & then the violet <sup>4</sup>  
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet  
and their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent  
from the turf, like the voice & the instrument.

Then the ried. wind-flowers & the tulip late, <sup>5</sup>  
and marigolds, the fairest among them all  
who gaze on their eyes in the stream's deep

40 / ~~Will~~ <sup>6</sup> Will they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the Paeon-like <sup>6</sup> lady of the vale  
Whom youth makes so fair & passion so pale,  
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen  
Through their pavilions of tender green.

<sup>7</sup>  
And the Hyacinth purple, & white, & blue  
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew  
Of music so delicate, soft & intense,  
It was felt like an odour within the sense.

<sup>8</sup>  
And the wand-like <sup>8</sup> lily ~~of~~ which lifted up,  
As a Maenad, its moonlight-coloured cup  
Till the fiery star, which is its eye  
Gazed through its <sup>clear</sup> ~~translucent~~ <sup>deep</sup> ~~cup~~ on the tender sky.

<sup>9</sup>  
And the ~~flax~~ <sup>9</sup> ~~Jepamine~~ faint, & the sweet tuberose,  
The sweetest flower for scent that flows;  
And all rare blossoms from every clime  
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

<sup>10</sup>  
And on the stream whose inconstant bosom  
Was wrapt under boughs of embowering blossom  
With golden & green light, slanting through  
Their Heaven of many a tangled hue,

1) Broad water "lilies lay tremulously,  
and starry river buds glimmered by,  
and around them the soft stream did glide & dance  
with a motion of sweet sound and radiance

<sup>12</sup>  
And the sinuous paths of lawn & mofs  
Which led through the garden along & across -  
Some open at once to the sun & the breeze  
Some lost among ~~the~~ bowers of blooming trees

<sup>13</sup>  
Were all paved with daisies & delicate bells  
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,  
And flowrets which drooping as day drooped too  
Tell into pavilions, white purple & blue  
To roof the glow worm from <sup>the</sup> evening dew.

<sup>14</sup>  
And from this ~~and~~ undefiled Paradise  
The flowers, as an infants awakening eyes  
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet  
Can first lull, & at last must awaken it,

<sup>15</sup>  
~~The~~ When Heaven's light the wind had unfolded them,  
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,  
Thine smiling to Heaven; & every one  
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun

<sup>16</sup>  
For each one was interpenetrated  
With the light & the odour its neighbour shed



50 Like young trees, whom growth & love makes dear  
wrought & filled by their ~~mutual~~ atmosphere.

17

But the Sensitive-Plant, which ~~it~~ give small fruit  
of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,  
Received more than all - it loved more than ever,  
Where none wanted but it, ~~it~~ belong to the giver.

18

For the Sensitive-Plant has no bright flower,  
Radiance & odour are not its power -  
It loves - even like Love, - its deep heart is full -  
It desires what it has not - the beautiful.

19

The light winds which from unsustaining wings  
Led the music of many murmurings star  
The beams which dart from many a sphere  
Of the ~~strong~~ flowers whose hues they bear, afar

20

And the hummed insects swift & free  
Like golden boats in a sunny sea,  
Laden with light & odour which pass  
Over the gleam of the living glass;

21

The unquen clouds of the dew which lay <sup>lie</sup>  
Like fire in the flowers till ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Sun rides high  
Then ~~warden~~ <sup>warden</sup> like spirits among the spheres  
Each ~~one~~ <sup>cloud</sup> faint with the odour it bears;



22.

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,  
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide  
In which every sound, & odour, & beam  
Move, as eels in a single stream;

23

Each, & all, like ministering angels were  
For the Sensitive-Plant sweet joy to bear  
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by  
Like wind-blown clouds in o'er a tender sky.

24.

And when evening descended from Heaven above  
And the Earth was all rest & the Air was all love,  
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,  
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

25

And the beasts, & the birds, & the insects were drowned  
In an ocean of dreams without a sound  
Whose waves never ~~wrinkle~~, though they impress  
The light sand which paves it — Consciousness.

26.

Only over head the sweet nightingale  
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail  
And snatches of its Elysian chant  
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive-Plant.

27.

The Sensitive-Plant was the earliest  
Upgathered into the bosom of rest.

51/ A sweet child weary of its delight,  
The feeblest & yet the favourite  
Laid cradled within the embrace of night.

## Part Second

1  
There was a power in this sweet place,  
An ever in this Eden; a ruling grace  
Which to the flowers bade they waken or ~~dream~~ dream  
Was as to God to the starry scheme.

2  
A Lady, the wonder of her kind,  
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind  
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien & motion,  
Like <sup>a</sup> sea-flower, unfolded beneath the Ocean;

3  
Tended the garden from morn to even  
And the meteors of that outlunar Heaven  
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth  
Laughed round her footsteps up from the Earth.

4  
She had no companion of mortal race,  
But her tremulous breath & her flushing face  
Told, whilst the morn kissed the sleep from her eyes  
That her dreams were less slumber than ~~these~~ Para-

5.  
As some bright spirit for her sweet sake  
Had deserted ~~the~~ heaven while the stars ~~to~~ were awake  
As if yet around her he lingering wore  
Though the veil of daylight concealed him from her

6  
Her step seemed to hit the grassy west;  
You might hear by the heaving of her breast,  
That the coming & the going of the wind  
Brought pleasure there, & left passion behind

7  
and wherever her airy footstep ~~it~~ trod  
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod  
Traced its light vestige with shadowy sweep  
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep

8  
I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet  
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;  
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came  
From her glowing fingers through all their frame

9  
She sprinkled bright water from the stream  
On those that were faint with the sunny beam  
And out of the ~~cup~~ cups of the heavy flowers  
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers

10.  
She ~~filled~~ their heads with her tender hands  
and sustained them with rods and ozier bands  
If the flowers had been her own infants she

53) Could never have named them more tenderly.

11.

And all killing insects & gnawing worms  
And things of ~~the~~ obscure & unduly forms.  
She bore, in a basket of Indian woof,  
Into the rough woods far aloof

12.

In a basket of grapes & wild flowers full  
She pressed her gentle hands could ~~could~~ pull.  
For the poor varnished insects, whose intent,  
Although they did ill, was innocent.

13.

But the bee, & the beam like ephemeras  
Whose path is the lightning lightning, & swift as the thought  
She sweet lips of flowers, & harm not, did she  
Make her attendant angels be.

14.

And many an antenatal tomb  
Where butterflies dream of the life to come  
She left, clinging round the smooth & dark  
Edge of the Porous Cypress bark.

15.

This fairest creature from earliest spring  
Thus moved through the garden ministering  
Through all the sweet season of summer tide  
And ere the first leaf look'd brown — she died!



Three days the flowers of the garden fair  
 Like stars when the moon is awakened were;  
 Or the ~~white~~ waves of ~~the~~ Baie, ~~are~~ luminous  
 She floats up through the smoke of her urns

And on the fourth <sup>2</sup> The Sensitive Plant  
 Felt the sound of the funeral chant  
 And the steps of the bearers heavy & slow,  
 And the wails of the mourners deep & low.

The weary sound <sup>3</sup> & the heavy breath  
 And the silent motions of passing death  
 And the smell, cold, oppressive & dank  
<sup>Port</sup> ~~From~~ through the hole of the coffin blank

<sup>4</sup> The dark grass & the flowers among the grass  
 Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass  
 From their sights the wind caught a mournful tone  
 And wailed in the pines & gave groan for groan.

<sup>5</sup> The garden once fair became cold & foul  
 Like the corpse of her who had been its soul  
 Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,  
 Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap  
 To make men tremble who never weep

<sup>6</sup> Swift summer into the autumn flowed,  
 And fast in the mist of morning rode  
 Though the noonday sun looked clear & bright

55 <sup>7</sup> tracking the spoil of the secret night.

<sup>7.</sup>  
The rose leaves - like flakes of crimson snow  
Paved the turf & the moss below:  
And lilacs were drooping white & wan  
Like the head & the skin of a dying man

<sup>8.</sup>  
And Indian plants, of scent & hue  
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew;  
Leaf by leaf, day by day after day  
Were mapped into the common clay  
And the leaves, <sup>9</sup> brown, yellow, & grey, & red,  
And white, with the whiteness of what is dead,  
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past.  
And their whistling noise made the birds afraid.

<sup>10.</sup>  
And the gusty wind <sup>winged</sup> waked the seeds  
Out of their birth place of soft weeds  
Still they clung round many a <sup>sweet</sup> ~~delicate~~ flower's stem  
Which rotted into the earth with them

<sup>11.</sup>  
The water blooms under the violet  
Fell from the stalks on which they were set  
And the eddies gave them here & there  
As the winds did those of the upper air.

<sup>12.</sup>  
Then the rain came down, & the broken stalks  
Were bent & tangled across the walks

6) and the leafless network of parasite bowers  
collapse into ruin; & all sweet flowers.  
~~Between the~~

13

Between the turn the wind & the snow  
All loathliest weeds began to grow  
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with mangy speck  
Like the water snake's belly & the toad's back.

14.

And mistle, & ~~nettle~~ nettles, & darnels rank  
And the yock, & henbane; & hemlock dank  
Stretched out its long & hollow shank  
And stifled the air, till the dead wind stank

15.

And plants out whose name the voice feels loath  
Filled the places with a monstrous embryo growth,  
Prickly & purprous, & blistering, & blue,  
Divid, & starved with a livid dew.

16.

And agarics & fungi with mildew & mould  
Started like mist from the wet ground-cold;  
Pale, fleshy, — as if the decaying dead  
With a spirit of growth had been animated

17

Their maprotted off them, flake by flake  
Till the thick stalk stuck like a murderer's stake  
Where rag of lone flesh yet tremble on high  
Infesting the wind that wander by

18.

Spawn weeds & filth, a leprous scum



57/ Made the running, wouldst thick & dumb  
and ~~its~~ at its outlet flags huge as storkes  
damned it with roots knotted like water mokes  
makes

19.

and hour by hour when the air was still  
the vapours arose which have strength to kill  
at noon they were seen - & noon they were felt  
at night they were darknes no star could melt

20.

and unctuous meteors from spray to spray  
crept & flitted in broad noon day  
Unseen; every branch on which they alit  
By a venomous blight was burned & bit

21.

The Sensitive - plant like one forbyd  
wept, & the ~~two~~ tears, within each lid  
of its folded leaves which together grew,  
were changed to a blight of frozen ~~do~~ glue

22.

For the leaves soon fell, & the bunches won  
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn  
The sap shrank to the root tho' ever live  
As blood to a heart that will beat no more

23.

For winter came - the wind was his whip  
One choppy finger was on his lip  
He had torn the calaracts from the hills



And they clanked at his girth like manacles

24.

His breath was a chain which without a sound  
The earth & the air & the water bound

He came, fiercely driven in his chariot throne  
By the tenfold blasts of the Arctic zone

25.

Then the weeds which were forms of living death  
Fled from the foot to the earth beneath  
Their decay, & their sudden flight from the foot  
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost!

26.

Under the roots of the sensitive plant  
The moles & the dormice died for want.  
The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air  
And were caught in the branches naked & bare

27.

First there came down a thawing rain  
And its dull drops froze on the ~~gr~~ boughs again  
Then there steamed up a freezing dew  
Which to the drops of the ~~thaw~~ thaw-rain grew

28

and a northern ~~whirl~~ whirlwind wandering about  
Like a wolf that has smelt a dead child out  
Shook the boughs thus laden & heavy & stiff  
And snapped them off with his rigid guff

When winter had gone & spring came ~~the~~ back  
 The Sensitive-Plant was a leafless wreck;  
 But the Brambles & tansy-stalks & docks & darnels  
 More like the dead from their mined channels

And if the Sensitive-<sup>30</sup>Plant - or that  
 which within its boughs like a spirit sat  
 Ere its outward form had known decay  
 Now felt this change, - I cannot say.

<sup>31</sup>  
 or if that Lady's gentle mind  
 no longer with the form combined  
 Which scattered love - as stars do light,  
 Found sadness, where it left delight

<sup>32.</sup>  
 I dare not guess; but in this life  
 Of error, ignorance & strife -  
 Where nothing is but all things ~~are~~ seem  
 And we the shadows of the dream

<sup>33.</sup>  
 It is a modest creed & yet  
 Pleasant if one considers it  
 So think that death itself must be  
 Like all the rest, - a mockery.

34  
That garden sweet, that lady fair  
And all sweet shapes & odours there  
In truth have never past away —  
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed — not they.

35.  
For love, and beauty, & delight  
There is no death nor change — their might  
Exceeds our organs — which endow  
No light — being themselves obscure.

Visa — March — 1820

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \\ \hline 308 \end{array} 2$$

# A Vision of the Sea

& published

-Is the terror of Tempest.... the rags of the sail  
 Are flickering in ribbons within the fierce gale,  
 From the stark night of vapours the dim rain is dim.  
 And when Lightning is loosed like a deluge from Heaven  
 He sees the black funnels of the waterspouts spin  
 And bend, as if Heaven was raining in  
 Which they seemed to sustain with their terrible mass  
 As if Ocean had sunk from beneath them - they pass  
 To their graves in the Deep with an earthquake of sound  
 And the waves & the thunders made silent around  
 Leave the wind to its echo. The vessel now tost  
 Through the low trailing rack of the tempest, is lost  
 In the skirts of the thundercloud, - now down the <sup>summit</sup>  
 Of the wind-cloven wave to the chasm of the deep  
 It sinks, & the walls of the watery vale  
 Whose depths of dread calm are unmoved by the gale,  
 Dim omens of ruin hang gleaming about,  
 While the ~~strong~~ <sup>surge</sup> like a chaos of stars, like a rout  
 Of death-~~forms~~ <sup>flames</sup>, like whirlpools of fire flaming even  
 With splendour & terror the black ship environ  
 As the sulphur-flakes hurled from a mine of pale fire



In frontains shout over it - In many a spin  
The pyramid-billows with white points of foam  
On the cope of the lightning inconstantly shine  
As piercing the sky from the floor of the sea...  
The great ship seems splitting - it cracks as a tree  
While an earthquake is splintering its root, on the deck  
Of the whirlwind that stripped it of branches & part...  
No intense thunderballs which are raining from Heaven  
Have shattered its mast, & it stands black & even...  
The chinks seek destruction... the heavy, dead bulk  
On the living sea rots, an emaciated bulk  
Like a corpse on the clay which is hugging to  
Its corruption around it... Meanwhile from the hold  
One deck is burst up by the waters below  
And it splits like the ice when the winds express  
On the lakes of the Desert: Who sits on the other?  
Is that all they crew who be burying each other  
Like the dead in a beach, round the <sup>rag</sup> fragment? ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup>  
Twin Tjers, who burst, when the waters arose  
In the agony of terror, their children in the ~~fold~~  
(What now make them tame is what then made them <sup>cold</sup>)  
Who crouch side by side, & have driven like a crack  
The deep grip of their claws through the vibrating ~~plane~~

63] Are these all? — Nine weeks the tall vessel has lain  
On the windless expanse of the watery plain,  
Where the death-dusting sun cast no shadows at noon  
And there seemed to be fire in the beams of the moon  
Till a lead-coloured fog gathered up from the Deep  
Where truth was gulch & Pastime... then the old ship  
Crest like blight thro' the ears of a thick field of corn  
In the foggy & cold - & even & more  
With their hammocks for coffins the sea men afloat  
Like dead men the dead limbs of their comrades cast  
Down the Deep, which took in them alive & afloat  
And the sharks & the dogfish then gave a little  
And were galled like swans with the <sup>unbound</sup> manna  
And ~~swam~~ <sup>rained</sup> down on their widows... One upon one  
The mariners died; on the ~~top~~ <sup>top</sup> of this deep  
When the tempest was raging in clouds & rain  
But seven remained. Six the Spaniards & the Master  
And they he placed as mummies in which Time laid  
his scorn of the embalmers - to dwell in the <sup>waters</sup> ~~water~~  
An oak plank raised them up in front of his face  
And hung on it to the bottom, a wreck on the wall  
No more? At low helm, set a boat on more  
Than the air when returning, its star-board beam

It smiles with the sun on the earth & the sea—  
It clasps a bright child on her upgathered knee—  
It lingers with the lightning - it mocks the music then  
Of the air & the sea, with desire & with wonder  
It is reckoning the tigers to rise & come over  
It would play with their eyes when the red sun  
It outstriking the motion— it's brow <sup>of pain</sup> looks high  
The heart-joy & pleasure has blinded its eye  
To what its mother is fast asleep— "smile not my child  
"But sleep deeply & sweetly & so be requited  
"Of the pang that awaits us, whatever that be,  
So dreadful soon thou must divide it with me  
"Sleep, sleep," the pale brow the cradle & the  
"Hill, it rook thee not infant? the beating <sup>dead</sup> mind  
"Alas what is life what is death what are we  
That when the ship sinks we no longer may be?  
"What to see thee no more, & to feel thee no more  
"To be after life what we have been before?  
"Not to touch those sweet hands? not to look on those  
"Those lips & that hair all the smiling disguise  
"Thou get'st nearest I what I find I, day by day  
"Have so long called my child, but which now fades away  
"Like a vision, & I the fallen shorn" So the ship



65) *It* - it *thrust* - the lowered ports dip-  
The figures leap up when they feel the storm  
Crawling inch by inch on them, - hair, ear, limb, & eye  
Hard rigid with horror, a cry  
Bursts at once from their vitals tremendously  
Subbranching like the mountainous vale of the *mountainous*  
Girded with the clash of the lightning rain  
Hurled on by the might of the Hurricane  
The Hurricane came from the West, & part on  
By the path of the gate of the eastern sun  
Transversely dividing the stream of the storm  
As an arisny serpent pursuing the form  
Of an elephant, bursts through the brakes of the West  
Black as a cormorant the screaming blast  
Between ocean & Heaven, like an Ocean, part  
Till it came to the clouds on the verge of the trees  
Which based on the sea, & to Heaven *upward* *surged*  
Like buttress columns & *rafts* *secks* did sustain  
The dome of the Temple... it sent them in train  
As a flood under its banner of mountainous cry  
And the dense clouds in many a ruin & rag  
Like the tones of a Temple or earthquake rum



Like the dust of its fall, on the turbulent air cast—  
They are scattered like foam on the torrent— & when  
The wheat has burst out thro' the chasm, from the air  
Of clear morning, the beams of the sunrise flash  
Unimpeded, keen, golden & chrysaline—  
Banded armies of a light & of air— a stone gate  
They encounter, but interpenetrate—  
And that beach in the tempest is widening apace,  
And the caverns of cloud are torn up by the rage  
And the fierce winds are sinking with weary wing  
Lulled by the motions & murmurings  
~~And~~ The long glassy wave of the rocking sea,  
And overhead, glorious but dreadful to see  
The wrecks of the tempest like vapours of gold  
Are consuming in sunrise. The heaped waves  
The deep calm of blue sea are debating <sup>behold</sup> above  
And the papyrus made still by the presence  
Beneath the clear surface <sup>of Love</sup> whispering & slide,  
Tremulous with soft influence; extending its tide  
From the Andes to Atlas, from sound mountain to  
Round sea birds & winds, paid with heaven's azure  
The wide world of waters is vibrating. Where <sup>smile</sup>

67) To the Ship? — On the floor of the war ship, it lay  
One Tyger is mingled in ghastly affray  
With a Sea Snake — the foam & the smoke of the  
Him the clear air with sunboning the jar & the rattle  
Of the solid bones crashed by the infinite step  
Of the Snake's adamantine voluminous —  
And the hum of the hot blood that sprouts & rains  
When the gripe of the Tyger has wounded the vein  
Broken with sage strength & effort — the whirl &  
As of some hideous engine where brazen teeth <sup>the splat</sup> gnaw  
The thin winds & soft waves into thunder — the sear  
And hissing — crawl <sup>rest</sup> ever over the <sup>smooth</sup> Ocean Floor,  
Each sound like a centipede. Near this common  
A blue shark is hanging within the blue Ocean  
The fin-winged tomb of the Victor. — The other  
Is winning his way from the fate of his brother  
To his own, with the <sup>dead</sup> ~~drag~~ of despair... So a blue  
Advances — to close round with the impulse of the  
Wave on the keen keel; the burn foams — at the  
Three marksmen stand levelling. Not bullet but  
In the breast of the Tyger, which yet bears him  
To his usage & ruin... One payment alone

Is drifting & sinking... he now almost gone...  
Of the wreck of the vessel peens out of the sea.  
With her left hand she grasps it convulsively  
With the right she sustains her fair infant - Death  
Love, Beauty, are mixed in the atmosphere. Tears  
Which trembles & burns with the fervour of Dead  
Brown her wild eyes, her bright hair, & her head  
Like a meteor of light on the waters... her child  
Is yet smiling & playing & murmuring... so still  
The false deep in the storm... like a sister & brother  
The child & the Ocean still smile on each other  
Whispering...

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Pisa April 1820



## To Night.

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave.

Spirit of Night!

Out of the misty eastern cave

Where, all the long & lone daylight

Thou <sup>wovest</sup> ~~dreamed~~ the dreams of joy & fear,

Which make thee terrible & dear

Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey

Fear-inwrought:

Blind with thine hair the eyes of day  
Press her until she be waned out—

Then wander o'er City & Sea & Land

Touching all with thine spirit wand.

Come, long song hit!

When I arose & saw the dawn  
I sighed for thee  
When Light rode high, & the dew was gone  
And noon lay heavy on flower & tree  
And the weary Day turned to his rest  
Lingering like an unloved guest  
I sighed for thee

Thy father Death came, & cried  
Wouldst thou me?  
Thy sweet child Sleep the filmy-eyed  
Murmured like a mountain bee  
Shall I nestle near thy side  
Wouldst thou me? & I replied  
No, not thou!

Death will come when thou art dead  
Soon too soon  
Sleep will come when thou art fled  
Of neither would I ask the boon  
Ask of thee, beloved Night  
Swift be thine approaching flight  
Come soon, soon!

## An Anacreontic.

The fountains mingle with the River  
 And the rivers with the Ocean  
 The winds of Heaven melt together  
 With a sweet emotion  
 Nothing in the world is single  
 All things by a law divine  
 In one another's being mingle  
 Why not I with thine?

See, the mountains kiss high Heaven  
 And the waves clasp one another  
 No sister flower would be forgiven  
 If it disdained its brother  
 And the sun-kiss'd ripples the earth  
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea  
 What were all these examples worth  
 If thou kiss not me.

Florence - January 1841

# An Exhortation

x Published

Camelions feed on light and air,  
Poets' food is love & fame;  
If in this wide world we care  
Poets could but find the same  
With a little toil as they  
We would <sup>the</sup> never change their line  
As the light Camelions do  
Feeding it to every ray  
Twenty times a day?

Poets are in this cold earth  
As Camelions might be  
Hidden from their early birth  
In a cave beneath the sea,  
Where light is, camelions change;  
Where love is not, Poets do;  
Same is love disguised — if few  
Find either — never think it strange  
That Poets range.

Yet <sup>do not</sup> never stain with wealth or power  
A Poet's free and heavenly mind,  
If bright Camelions should devour  
Any food but beams & wind

77/ They would grow as earthly soon  
As their brother lizards are —  
Spirits Children of a <sup>summer</sup> ~~summer~~ day ~~show~~ stars  
Spirits from beyond the moon —  
O, before the boon!

Pisa April 1820



8)  
Ode to Heaven x

Palace roof of cloudless nights  
Paradise of golden lights  
Deep, immeasurable, vast,  
Which art now, & which wert then;  
Of the present and the past  
Of the eternal where & when  
Purpure chamber, Temple, Home,  
Ever canopied dome  
Of acts & ages yet to come!

Glorious shapes have life in thee  
Earth and all earths company  
Living globes which ever throng  
In deep chasms & wildernesses  
And green worlds that glide along  
And swift stars with flashing tapers  
And icy moons most cold & bright  
And mighty suns, beyond the night  
Atoms of intensest light.

79/ Even thy name is as a God  
Heaven! for thou art the abode  
Of that Power which is the glasp  
Wherein man his nature sees;—  
Generations as they pass  
Worship thee with bended knees  
Their unremainig Gods & they  
Like a river roll away—  
Thou remainest such—always!

Thou art but the mind's first chamber  
Round which its young fancies clamber  
Like weak insects in a cave  
Lighted up by stalactites  
But the portal of the ~~portal~~ ~~of the~~ grave  
Where a world of new delights  
Will make thy best glories seem  
But a dim and noonday ~~dim~~ gleam  
From the shadow of a dream.

Peace! the abyfs is wreathed with scorn  
At your presumption, Atom-born!

20)

What is Heaven? And what are ye?

Who its brief expanse inherit?

What are suns & spheres which flee  
With the instinct of that spirit  
Of which ye are but a part?

Drops which Nature's mighty heart  
Dives through thinnest veins. Depart!

What is Heaven? a globe of dew

Sitting in the morning sun

Some eyed flower whose young leaves waken  
On an unimagined world

Constellated suns unshaken

Orbits measureless are furled

I In that fair & fading sphere  
With ten millions gathered there  
So tremble gleam & disappear!

Florence - December. 1849

## Song

Rarely, rarely comest thou  
 Spirit of 'Delight!  
 Where's he has! thou left me now  
 Many a day & night  
 Many a weary night & day  
 'Tis since thou art fled away

How shall we one like me  
 Win thee back again?  
 With the joyous & the free  
 Thou wilt ~~laugh~~ <sup>smile</sup> at pain  
 Spirit false! that hast forgot  
 All but those who need thee not

As a lizard with the shade  
 Of a trembling leaf,  
 Thou with sorrow art dismayed;  
 Even the sighs of grief  
 Reproach thee, that thou art not seen  
 And reproach thou wilt not hear

Let me set my measureful ditty  
To a merry measure  
Then will never come for pity—  
Then will come for pleasure  
Pity then will cut away  
Those cruel wings, & then will stay—

I love all that thou lovest  
Spirit of Delight!  
The fresh earth in new leaves dressed—  
On the stormy night,  
Autumn evening, & the moon  
When the golden mists are brown

I love snow, & all the forms  
Of the radiant frost  
I love waves & winds & storms—  
Every thing almost  
Which is nature's & may be  
Untam'd by man's misery

I love tranquil solitude,  
And such society

83/

As is quiet, wise & good;  
Between ~~me~~ & me  
What difference? but then don't search  
The things I seek — not love them less.

I love Love. though he has ways  
And like light can flee —  
But above all other things,  
Spirit, I love thee —  
Thou art Love & Life. 's come  
Make one even my heart thy home.

Pisa - May - Dec



6.  
A dream

I dreamed that <sup>as</sup> I was wandering by the way  
That winter suddenly was changed to spring  
And gentle odours led my steps astray  
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring  
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
Under a copse - & hardly dared to fling  
Its green arrows round the bosom of the stream  
Which kissed it & then fled - as then mightest <sup>in dream</sup>

There grew fair wind-flowers & violets,  
Daisies those feasted Arcturii of the earth -  
That constellated flower that never sets, <sup>the</sup>  
Faint ox lips, - tender blue bells at whose birth  
The grass so scarce heaved, & that tall flower  
Like a child, half in tenderness & <sup>that</sup> with,  
Its mother's face with Heaven's collected tears  
When the low wind, its <sup>own</sup> mother's voice, it hea



85 And in the warm hedge there grew celandine  
And cowbird & the mornlight-coloured May  
And cherry blossoms, & white caps where was  
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the sun  
And wild roses, & ivy serpentine  
With its dark buds & leaves, wandering ast. &  
And flowers green & black & streaked with gold  
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold

And nearer to the river's tumbling edge  
There grew broad flaxflowers, aye, pink & white  
And stony river-beds among the sedge  
And bluest water lilies broad & bright  
Which lit the oak that overhung the head  
Floating below in <sup>their</sup> own watery bed  
And bulrushes & reeds, of such deep green  
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen

6) I thought that of those visionary flowers  
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way  
That the same hues which in their natural  
were mingled or opposed - the like array <sup>brings</sup>  
Kept their imprisoned children of the hours  
Within my hand... & then elate & gay  
I hastened to the spot whence I had come  
That I might there present it - oh to whom?

## Ode to Liberty.

A glorious people vibrated again  
 The lightning of the Nations - Liberty  
 From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er the  
 Scattering contagious fire unto the sky,  
 Gleamed. My soul spurned the chains of its dismay,  
 And in the rapid plumes of song  
 Clothed itself sublime & strong;  
 As a young eagle wars the morning clouds among  
 Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey  
 Till from its station in the Heaven of fame  
 The spirits whirling wrapt it, - & the ray  
 Of the remotest sphere of living flame  
 Which paves the void, was from behind it flung  
 As foam from a ship's swift keel. When  
 A voice out of the Deep. I will record the same <sup>there came</sup>

2.  
 The Sun and the sereneest moon shone forth  
 The burning stars of the Abyss were rivets  
 Into the depths of Heaven - The dead Earth  
 That slumbered in the ocean of the void  
 Hung in its cloud of all sustaining air:  
 But this divinest universe

## The Arabian Nights

I arise from dreams of thee  
 In the first sweet sleep of night  
~~When~~ The winds are hushing low  
 And the stars are humming soft  
 I arise from dreams of thee  
 And a spirit in my feet  
 Has come me, ~~who~~ who knows how  
 To thy chamber window sweet

The wandering now they faint  
 In the dark, the silent stream  
 The champagne odours faint  
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream  
 The Agitation's complaint  
 It dies upon her heart  
 I must be on time  
 To be loved as thou art

Oh lift me from the grass!  
 Dear! I faint 'faint!  
 At the love in her gaze  
 On my lips and eyelids pale  
 My cheek is cold and white as snow  
 My heart beats loud and fast  
 Oh press it close to mine again  
 Where it will break at last

## Song

Swifter far than summer's flight,  
 Swifter far than youth's delight,  
 Swifter far than happy night—

Not thou come and gone;  
 As the earth when leaves are dead,  
 As the night when sleep is fled,  
 As the heart when joy is fled.

I am left lone, alone—

The swallow Summer comes again,  
 The violet light assumes her reign,  
 But the wild swan youth is vain.

To fly with thee, false as thou.  
 My heart each day denies the morrow,  
 Deep itself is turned to sorrow,  
 Vainly would my winter borrow  
 Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed—  
 Roses for a nation's head,  
 Violets for a maiden's bed—  
 Pansies, let my flowers be.



In the living grave I bear -  
Scatter them without a tear,  
Let no friend, however dear,  
Waste one hope, one fear for me.

To William —

| With what truth may I say,  
Roma! Roma! Roma!  
Non è più come via prima

My lost William, thou in whom  
Some bright spirit lived, and did  
That ~~that~~ <sup>leaving</sup> robe consume  
Which its ~~rust~~ <sup>rust</sup> faintly hid,  
Here its ashes find a tomb, —

But beneath this pyramid  
Thou art not — if a thing divine  
Like thee, can die — thy funeral shine  
Is thy Mother's grief and mine.

Where art thou, my gentle child?

Let me think thy spirit feeds,  
Within its life intense and mild,

The love of living leaves and weeds.  
Among these tombs and ruins wild

Let me think that thro' low seeds  
Of sweet flow'rs and sunny grass  
Into their hues and scents may pass  
A portion —————





2

22

To <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ Sky-Lark.

Hail to thee blithe Spirit!

Said thou never wert;

That from the calm or merit,

Sourest thy full heart

In pure strains of unpremeditated art — <sup>most</sup>

In the golden lightning

Of the sunken Sun —

Over which <sup>now dark</sup> clouds an brightness

~~Shine~~ <sup>now dark</sup> floats & runs;

Like an unbody'd joy whose race is just begun

The pale purple even

Melts around thy flight,

Like a Star of Heaven

In the broad daylight

Thou art unseen, — but yet I hear thy <sup>shrill</sup> ~~blithe~~ <sup>delight</sup>

(187)

Keen as are  
~~the water, like~~ the snows  
Of that silver spoken,  
Whose intense lamp hovers  
In the white dawn clear  
Unto we hardly see — we feel that it is there

2  
Higher still & higher  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire  
The blue deep thou wingest  
And singing still dost soar, <sup>and</sup> soaring ever wingest

All the earth & air —  
With thy voice is loud,  
As when Night is bare  
From one <sup>in</sup> lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams & Heaven is over

What thou art we know not  
What is most like thee?  
From ~~the~~ <sup>clouds</sup> rain <sup>like</sup> thou dost  
Drop so bright to see  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody

like a poet hidden

by the light of thought,

Wingst hymen und soldat

Tell the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes & fears it breeds not -

Like a high-born maiden

In a palace tower,

looting her love to den

Soals in secret form, which

With music <sup>which is</sup> which is <sup>as</sup> as <sup>her</sup> her <sup>voice</sup> voice

Like a glow worm golden

In a dell of dew

Scattering unbestanden

It aerial pul

Among the forms & grass which screen it from  
the view

Like a von Embowied

In its own green leaves.

By <sup>warm</sup> ~~the~~ winds deformed -

Let the scent it gives there

Make <sup>light</sup> ~~birds~~ with too much sweet ~~the~~ heavy-wings there

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass, <sup>or</sup>  
 Rain-awakened flowers, or  
 All that was was  
 Joyous & clear & fresh, the music doth surpass

Teach us, Spirit or God  
 What sweet thoughts are there;  
 I have never heard  
 Praise of love or wine  
 That penteth forth a flood of rapture so divine

Chorus hymeneal  
 or triumphal chant  
 Matched with thine, would be all  
 But an empty vaunt  
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden  
 want.

What objects are the frontiers  
 Of thy <sup>happy</sup> ~~infinite~~ domain  
 What fields or waves or mountains?  
 What shapes of sky or plain?  
 What love of kind or kind? What ignorance  
 of pain?



With thy dear true joyance  
Languor cannot be -  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee  
Thou hast - but we know love's sad satiety;

Waking or asleep  
Thou of death must deem,  
Things more true & deep  
Than we mortals dream  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a chrystal  
stream?

We look before & after  
And pain for what is not  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate & pride & fear;  
If we were things so born  
Not to shed a tear  
I know not how thy joy we ever should increase

Better than all meadows

Of delightful sound -

Better than all treasures

That in books are found -

My skill to poet none - then scorn of the ground

It shall be all the gladder

That thy brain must know

Such harmonious madness

From my lips should flow

He with spirit in ten then - as I am writing now

Two leaves have been torn out at this place, except as shown below.

Two leaves have been torn out at this place, except as shown below.

Am?  
'o dear  
you fear?

Two leaves have been torn out at this place, except as shown below.

26  
Ans  
My ans

Two leaves have been torn out at this place, except as shown below.





(10)<sup>+</sup> And the same evening did he steal away  
Apollo's herds; — the fourth day of the moon  
In which him bore the venerable May —  
From her immortal limbs he clasp'd full soon  
For long to tattle his to sacred emble keep,  
But out to seek Apollo's herds would creep

4

Out of the lofty cavern wandering  
He found a tortoise & cird out — a reason!  
(For Mercury first made the tortoise king)  
She leapt before the pastoral at his blessing  
The flowing herbage was departing  
Mowing <sup>his feet</sup> in a deliberate measure  
Over the lawn. Jove's propitiate son  
Lying him laughs & laughing thus began

5

A useful god send are you to me now  
King! the dance, companion of the feast  
Loosely in all your nation! <sup>renew'd</sup> next to you  
Excellent playing — where sweet mountain be  
Got you that ~~many~~ <sup>shepherd</sup> various dells? Thus much I know  
You must come home with me & be my guest  
You will give joy to me, & I will add  
All that is in my power is honor you

Better to be at home than out of door—  
 It soon with me it thought it has been said  
 That you alone often from magic power  
 I know you will say sweetly when you're dead;  
 Thus having spoken the quaint impostor—  
 Lifting it from the grass on which it fed  
 And grasping it in his delighted tooth  
 It is treasured prize into the cavern old  
 T

Then scooping with a chisel of grey steel  
 He bored the life & soul out of the beast—  
 Not swifter a swift thought of woe or woe  
 Darts through the tumult of a human breast  
 Which thronging cares annoy, — not swifter wheel  
 The flames of its torture & unrest  
 Out of the dizzy eyes — than Maria's son  
 All that he did devise hath feathery done

And through the tortoise's hard stony skin  
 At proper distances small holes he made  
 And fastened the cut stems of reeds within  
 And with a piece of leather overlaid  
 The open space, & fixed the cubit in



112) Fixing the bridge to both, & stretched over  
Symphonion cords of sheep gut & rhythmic

9

When he had wrought the lovely instrument,  
He tried the chords, & made division onset  
Preluding with the plectrum, & then went  
Up from beneath his knees a tumult sweet  
Of mighty sounds, & from his lips he sent  
A strain of unpremeditated wit  
Joyous & wild & wanton - such you may  
Hear among reellers on a holiday

10

He sang how soon & true of the bright sands  
Dashed in love not quite legitimate;  
And his own birth, still scoffing at the scandal  
And naming his own name; & celebrate;  
His mother's love & servant maid; he planned  
In plastic verse, how he would stuff & state  
Perennial pot, trippet & trayer pen -  
But musing he conceived another plan

11

Seized with a sudden fancy for fresh meat  
He in his sacred cut deposited  
The fethered prey, and from the cavern drew  
Pushed, with great leaps up the mountain  
Revolving in his mind some subtle feat

Of thievish craft, such as a swindler might  
Deceit in the lone season of dusk night

12

So the great Sun under the Ocean bed has  
Dewy steeds & Chariot - the chid meekly there  
Beside the Pierian mountains clothed in shadows  
When the immortal oxen of the God  
Were pastured in the flowering unknown meadows  
And safely stabled in a remote abode -  
The archer Argivide elite & proud  
Drove fifty from the herd, bowing aloud

13

He drove them wandering o'er the sandy way  
But being ever mindful of his craft  
Backward & forward drove he them astray  
So that the tracks which seemed before, were aft,  
His sandals then he threw to the Ocean spray  
And for each foot he wrought a kind of cap  
Of tamarisk, & tamarisk-like springs  
And bound them in a lump with witty twines

14

And on his feet he tied them sandals light  
The trail of whose wide leaves might not betray  
His track; & then, a self-sufficing sight

114) Like a man hastening on some distant way,  
He from Pira's mountain bent his <sup>flight</sup> ~~way~~;  
But an old man perceived the infant <sup>step</sup> ~~step~~  
Down green Anchetus heaped like beds with <sup>grass</sup> ~~grass~~.

15

The old man stood dropping his sunny eye:

"Hahoo! O fellow with the crested shoulders  
You put them <sup>stomachs</sup> ~~mouths~~? before they will bear

The things even you must grow a little older.  
Attend I pray to this advice of mine

As you would escape what might happen a boy  
Singing see not— and hearing hear not— and—  
If you have understanding— understand"

16

So saying Hermes round the oxen cast—

On shadowy mountain & surrounding dale  
And flower-plain, great Hermes past

Till the black night divine which fawned  
Around his steps, grew grey, & morning fast

Wakened the world to work <sup>up</sup> ~~up~~ from his cell  
Sea-stewn, the Pallantean Morn sublimed  
Into her watch-tower <sup>point</sup> ~~land~~ began to chime

17

Now to Alpheus he had driven all  
The broad-breasted oxen of the Sun:



They came unswayed to the left stall  
And to the water trough which ever runs  
Through the fresh fields & when both  
Sister & all sweet herbage unhappily tall  
Had pastured been, the great God made them  
Towards the stall in a collected <sup>more</sup> door  
18

A mighty pile of wood the God then heaped  
And having soon conceived the mystery  
Of fire, from two smooth laurel branches stole  
The bark & rubbed them in his palms, - on high  
Suddenly forth the burning vapour leapt -  
And the divine child saw delightedly -  
Mercury first found out for human use  
In the box, matches, fire-arms, flint, & steel  
19

And fire dry logs & roots in numerous  
He gathered in a dell upon the ground -  
And kindled them - & instantaneous  
The strength of the fire flame was breathed <sup>and</sup>  
And whilst the might of Jovian Vulcan <sup>then</sup>  
Brought the great pile with glow & roaring sound  
Heaped both the two heaped smoking <sup>and</sup>  
Even to the fire such might was in the God.

and on the earth upon their backs to their  
 The panting beasts, - & roll them o'er & o'er  
 and bend their bodies out. Without more ado  
 he cut up fat & flesh, & down before  
 The fire, in spite of wood he placed the  
 Roasting their flesh & ribs & all the good  
 Dainties Pursued in the woods - & while this was  
 he stretched their hides over a craggy stone

He mortals let anon or grow old, & then  
 Cut it up after long consideration -  
 But joy our mind's Hermes from the glen  
 drew the fat spirit to the more open station  
 of a flat smooth spear, & portioned them  
 he had by lot assigned to each a ration  
 of the two be Gods; & his mind became aware  
 of all the joys which in religion are

For the small savour of the roasted meat  
 Scampered him though immortal. Nevertheless  
 he checked his haughty will & did not eat  
 Though what it cost him words can scarce  
 And every wish to part such meat, <sup>expressed</sup> saw

Down his most sacred throat, he did express  
But soon within the lofty perched stall  
He placed the fat & flesh & bones & all —

23.

23.  
And every hair of the fresh butchery  
And cooking, the God soon made disappear  
As if it all had vanished through the sky  
He burned the husk & horn not head & hair—  
He for his insatiate fire devoured them hungrily  
And when he saw that every thing was clean!  
He quenched the coals & trampled the blackened  
Woe in the stream his bloody sandals to feed  
24

24

All night he worked in the same moonshine—  
 (but when ~~the~~ light of day was spread above  
 he sought his natal mountain peaks down—  
 In his long wandering, neither man nor God  
 had met him, since he killed Apollo's kin  
 Nor himself had barked at him on his road,  
 Now, he oblique by through the keyhole part  
 Like a thin mist or an autumnal blast

25

25  
Sight through the Temple of the sparring cars  
He went with soft light feet. as if they had  
fell not on earth, no sound their falling gave



Then to his cradle he crept quick & spread  
The swaddling clothes about him, & the linen  
Lay playfully with the covering of the bed  
With his left hand up about his knees - the  
Held his before & twisted like tight.

26

There he lay innocent as a new born child  
As gossips say, but think he was a jill,  
The goodly his fair mother, unbegotten.  
Know all that he had done being abroad  
"Whena come you & from what adventures  
You coming require, & when have you atake  
All the long night, & told on your impudence  
What have you done since you departed hence?"

27

A fool's soon with snap within their gate  
And bind your tender body in a chain  
Exceedingly tight & fast as fate.  
Unless you can shake the gods again.  
Even when within his arms - ah unagath!  
A pretty torment both for god & man  
Your father made when he made you. "dear Anne  
Dephied thy Hermes, where you scold & bicker?"

ask

And if I were like other babes as old,  
 And understood nothing of what is what  
 And cared at all to hear my mother's word  
 I in my little brain a scheme have got  
 Which whilst the sacred store round Heaven  
 Will keep you & me - nor shall our lot  
 Be as you counsel without gifts or food  
 To spend our lives in this obscure abode

But we will leave this shadowy people's care  
 And live among the Gods, & pass each day  
 In high communion & sharing what they have  
 And from the portion which my father gave  
 To Phobos, I will snatch my share away,  
 Which if my father will not - rather will I  
 Who am the king of robbers - can but try

And if Latona or should find me out  
 I'll countermine him by a deeper plea  
 I'll pierce the Puthian temple walls through stout  
 And such the power of every thing I can  
 And down & through of great worth no doubt  
 Rich, then cap & the like began here

All the wretched tapestries & garments gay —  
So they together talked — meanwhile the day

31

Phenel. born above out of the deep  
Of flowing Ocean leaving light to men —  
Phenel. hast toward the sacred word  
Which to the innermost depths of your soul  
Echoes the voice of Neptune — & then stood  
On the same spot in green Orchestos then  
That same old animal the vine-dresser  
Who was employed hedging his vines in the

32

Lattinas given in a sign — & they  
All in a hedge of Orchestos green  
Whether a door of rain has for the day  
All wipers with crooked horns. for they saw  
When for the herd in high Sicily —  
Where a black bull for ever to apart, between  
Two woody mountains in a neighborly glen  
And for three days watched an unamiable  
And, what is strange the author of the play  
Has shown the father wipers away and  
But the four days of the black bull are left



When they were last night at set of sun  
of horse & bed & then sweet God behest—  
Now tell me, man born in the world began  
Have you seen any man <sup>one</sup> jump into the river—  
To whom the man of overhanging brow.

34  
My friend it would require no common skill  
Justly to speak of every thing I see.  
For various purposes of good or ill  
Many pass by my vineyard — & to me  
It is difficult to know the invisible  
Thoughts which in all those many minds  
Thus much alone I certainly can say:  
I killed those vines till the decline of day

35  
And then I thought & I saw, but dare not speak  
With certainty of such a word nor thing.  
I chide who would not have been born a weed  
Those fair-haired cattle closely following  
And in his hand he held a polished stick.  
And as on purpose he walked wavering  
From one side to the other of the road—  
And with his face opposed the steps he trod

Uphol, leaving his fast quickly on —  
 The winged ones could have seen more clear  
 That the decision was his father's ~~son~~  
 As the God wraps a purple ~~two~~ <sup>two</sup> ~~phases~~  
 Around his shoulders, & like fire is gone  
 To famous Pylos, seeking his kin there  
 And found them back & his, yet hardly cold  
 And cried — "What wonder do mine eyes behold!"

Here are the footsteps of the hooved herd  
 Turned back towards their fields of asphodel,  
 But here! — are not the tracks of beast or bird  
 Of grey wolf or bear or lion of the dell  
 Or maned centaur — sand was never tamed  
 By man or woman there! — Inexplicable!  
 Who with unweared feet could e'er impress  
 The sands with such enormous vestiges —

That was not strange — but this is strange still.  
 Then hearing said, Phobos impetuously  
 Sought high Cyllene's frost-crowned hill  
 And the deep gorges & caverns shrouded in shadow  
 And when the untroubled night, with happy ~~in~~

Here the Saturnian's son-child Mercury—  
And a delightful odour from the dew  
Of the hill pastures, at his coming, flew

39

And Phobos stopped under the crazy roof  
He looked on the dark cavern—Maia's child  
Perceived that he came angry, far aloof,  
About the cows of which he had been beguiled  
And soon from the pine & fragrant wood  
Of his ambrosial swaddling clothes he spied—  
As among piebrows his a burning spark  
Cov'ring, beneath the ashes cold & dark

40

There like an infant who had sucked his fill  
And now was newly washed & put to bed,  
Awake, but courting sleep with weary will  
And gathered in a lump hands feet & head  
He lay, and his beloved tortoise shell still  
He grasped & held under his shaggy head.  
Phobos the lonely mountain-gorge knew  
And set up her subtile smiling baby, who

41

Lay swathed in his sly wiles. round every crack  
Of the amphicavern, for his kind, Apollo



~~Looked~~  
looked sharp, & when he saw them not, he  
The glittering key & opened three great hollow  
Recesses in the rock - where many a nook  
was filled with the sweet food for mortal's taste  
And mighty heaps of silver & of gold  
Then piled within - a wonder to behold.

42

And white & silver robes - all overwrought  
With sunny workmanship of tracing sweet -  
except among the Gods - then can be wrought  
In the wide world to be compared with it -  
Later as offspring, after having sought  
This holds in every place <sup>come</sup> - then did great  
Great Hercules - "Little <sup>now</sup> ~~crater~~ <sup>about</sup> ~~deeds~~  
Of my illustrious be-fore, when they are

43

Speak quickly - or a quarrel between us  
Must rise, & the event will be, that I  
Shall send you into Orisonal Tartarus  
In fiery gloom to dwell eternally.  
For shall you father or your mother loose  
The bars of that black dungeon - utterly  
You shall be cast out from the light of day  
To men the scorn of men - unblest as they

44  
"Whom then Thomas shyly answers— "Son  
of great Latona, what a speech is this  
Why come you hither to ask me what is done  
With the wild ocean which it seems you miss,  
Have not seen them, nor from any one  
Have heard a word of the whole business;  
If you should promise an immense reward  
I could not tell more than you now have heard

45  
An ox stealer should be both strong & tall—  
And I am but a little new born thing  
Who, yet at least can think of nothing wrong  
My business is to suck & sleep, & play  
The cradle doth about me all day long  
It hushes & lull me my sweet mother song  
And to be rocked in water clean & warm  
And hushed & kissed & kept secure from harm

46  
"I, let not in this quarrell be avowed  
The astonished God, would laugh at you if ever  
You should alledge a story so absurd  
As that a new born infant forth could pore  
Out of his home after a savage herd—  
I was born yesterday—my small feet are



So tender for the roads so hard & rough -  
And if you think that this is not enough

<sup>47</sup>  
"I swear a gentle oath by my father's land -  
That I stole not your cows, & that I know  
Of no one else, who might or could or did -  
Whate'er things cows owe, I do not know.  
For I have only heard the name" this said  
He winked as fast as could be & his brow  
Was wrinkled & a whistle loud gave he  
Like one who hears some strange absurdity

<sup>48</sup>  
Apollo gently smiled & said - "aye aye  
You cunning little rascal, you will know  
Many a rich man's house, & you away  
Of thieves will lay their slye before his door  
Silent as night, in night, & many a day  
In the wild glens with shepherds will be  
That you or yours having an appetite  
Put with their cattle, Comrade of the night!"

<sup>49</sup>  
"But this among the fairs shall be your gift  
To be considered as the best of those  
Who swindle Roundhead sheep steal & who steal  
But now, if you would not go, but sleep on."

and out - then saying Phobos did uplift  
The subtle infant in his swaddling clothes  
And in his arms, according to his wont  
A scheme devised the illustrious Argiphont

50

He sent out of his belly, that which was  
A fearful herald of the want begun  
And swoon & shuddered - Phobos on the grasp  
Held them, & whilst all that he had designed  
He did perform - eager although to pass  
If he had shrank from his mighty mind  
Towards the subtle babe the following scold  
Do not imagine this will get you off

51

You little swaddled child of Jove & May<sup>then</sup>  
And seize him - by this oven I shall find  
My milk buds - & you shall lead the way  
As Hermes comes from the grassy plain  
Like one in earnest haste to get away  
Soon, & with hands lifted towards his face  
Demand both his arms up from his shoulders  
His swaddling clothes and "What mean you?"

52

"With me, you wicked God, said Mercury  
 Is it about these cows you disagree so?  
 I wish the run of cows were perished - I  
 Still not your cows - I do not own any.  
 What things cows are - alas I well know  
 That now I came into the world of <sup>life</sup> ~~the~~  
 I should have ever heard the name of one -  
 But I applied to the Saturnian <sup>man</sup> ~~thing~~

53

Thus Phobos & the vagrant Mercury  
 Talked without coming to an explanation -  
 With adverse purpose - as for Phobos he  
 Sought not wrong, but only information  
 And Hermes tried with lies & coquetry  
 To cheat Apollo - but when war was on  
 Served - for the cunning one his match had found  
 He faced on first o'er the sandy ground

54

He of the silver bow the child of Iov  
 Followed behind, till to them heavenly Jove  
 Came home, his child was beautiful as love  
 And from his equal balance did require  
 A judgement in the cause wherein they strove



His odor. Olympus & its mass  
A murmuring hum all as they came - arose

55

And from the fabled depths of the great Hill,  
While Hermes & Apollo unweary stood  
Before Jove's throne, the indestructible  
Immortals rushed in mighty multitudes  
And what their acts in order due they told  
The lofty-thunderers in a careless mood  
So Phobos said - "When I saw this sweet  
She could be by him but yesterday" <sup>they</sup>

56

A most important act was done this  
So long as the world was, later may  
When you have understood the business  
Say that alone a friend of Jove  
Your little boy in a heap  
Under big mountains far away -  
A manifest & most apparent thief  
A carnal-monger beyond all belief

57

Never seen by either in Heaven  
Or upon earth for knowledge & craft  
Not of the kind my cat's yesterday

By the low shore on which the land sea laughter  
He right down to the river ford had driven.  
And men astonishment which make you  
To see the death's head of both life strange  
He has impression whereon he did range

58

The cattle's track on the black dust, full well  
Is evident, as they went to war on  
The place from which they came - that upland  
Meadow, in which I fed my many herds  
His steps were most uncomfortable  
I know not how I can describe in words  
Those tracks - he <sup>could</sup> not have gone along the  
Neither upon his feet nor on his hands, saw

59

He must have had some other strange mode  
Of moving on: those vestiges in measure  
For as I traced them on the sandy road  
Seemed like the trail of oak-tippings - but they  
No mark or track denoting when they stop  
In hard ground gave - but working at his  
A mortal hedgehog saw him as he past -  
To Pylon with the corn - in fiery haste.



60 dark  
I found that <sup>he</sup> in the night he quietly  
Had sacrificed some cows, & before light  
Had thrown the ashes all desperately  
About the road - then, still as gloomy night  
Had crept into his cradle, either eye  
Blinking, & cogitating some new slight  
Who could not have seen him as he lay  
Nid in his cavern from the fleeing day

61  
I told him with the fact, when he averted  
Most solemnly that he did not know  
Or even he in any manner heard.  
If my lost cows - what other thing, could be.  
Nor could he tell, though I said a woman,  
Not even who could tell of them to me  
Speaking Phobos rate, & Hermes then  
Addressed the Supreme Lord of god & men.

62  
Great Father, you know clearly beforehand  
That all which I shall say to you is sooth,  
Am a most veracious person, and  
Totally unacquainted with contrivance  
Of mischief ~~some~~ Phobos, can, but with you

Of gods to be. her witness, in great truth,  
To sing a dole seeking his helpers there.  
And saying I must show him where they are.

23  
 If he would haul me down the dark abyss  
 I know that every Africanian drink  
 Is clothed with speed & might & manhood  
 As ~~bank~~ a green bank with flowers - but ~~unlike~~ <sup>unlike</sup> the  
 I was born yesterday & you may guess  
 He will know this when he smokes the  
 of bathing a poor little new born thing <sup>which</sup>  
 that slept, & never thought of confiding

Am I like a strong fellow who struts home?  
 Behave me, dearest Father, such you are,  
 The driving of the herd is more of mine  
 Deep my thirst and I wander near  
 So many I strive - I reverence the divine  
 Son, & these gods, & I love you, & care  
 Even for this herd account - who cannot see  
 I am as innocent as they or you

I fear by the most glorious way of thought  
which is your will even as it is.

Through which the mouth tides of the Immortals  
Saw & upon heaven, day & night  
Divining schemes for the affairs of mortals  
That I am guilty - and I will requite  
Although mine enemy be great & strong  
His cruel threat - do thou defend the young

66

To speaking the Cyllonian Argosiphont  
Wounded, as if his adversary was felled  
And Jupiter according to his word  
Sighed heartily to hear the subtle-witted  
Infant give such a plausible account  
And every word a lie - but he submitted  
Judgement at present & his reputation  
Was to compose the affair by arbitration

67

And they by mighty Jupiter were bidden  
To go forth with a single purpose both,  
Neither the other chiding nor yet chiding.  
And Mercury with innocence & truth  
To lead the way, & show when he had hidden  
The mighty Reapers - Hermes, nothing with  
Pleased the Regisbeaver's wish, for he  
Is able to persuade all easily -



68

These lovely children of Heaven's highest Lord  
 Mustered to Pylos & the pastures wide  
 And lofty stalls by the Alpheian Ford  
 When wealth on the mute night is multiplied  
 With silent growth; whilst Hermes down the bar  
 Out of their strong caver Phaeon sped  
 He hides of them the little babe had slain  
 Stretched on the precipice above the plain

69

How was it possible, then Phaeon cried  
 That you, a little child, born yesterday  
 A thing on mother's milk & lassis fed  
 Could two prodigious heroes ever play—  
 Even I myself may well hereafter read  
 Your prowess, offspring of Mykenian May  
 When you grow strong & tall— he spoke & bent  
 Still withy hands the infants wrists around

70

He might as well have bound the oxen and  
 The willy hands, though stark by in turn  
 Fell at the feet of the immortal child  
 Lured by some device of his quick wit

Phobos perceived himself again beguiled  
And stared - while Hermes caught some idle or  
Looking askance & winking fast as thought  
That he might hide himself & not be caught

71  
Suddenly he changed his plan, & with sternest will  
Subdued the strong Lethargy by the might  
Of winning music to his mightier will.  
His left hand held the lyre, & in his right  
The plectrum struck the chords - unconquerable  
Up from beneath his hand in circling flight  
The thrilling gathering music rose - & sweet as love  
The penetrating notes did live & move

72  
Within the heart of great Apollo - he  
His tones with all his soul & laughter for pleasure  
Drove to his side, & stood harking fearlessly  
She unobtrusive lay, & to the measure  
Of the sweet lyre, then followed true & free  
His joyous voice, for he unlocked the treasure  
Of the deep song, illustrating the birth  
Of the bright Gods & the dark descent Earth

73  
And how to the immortals every one



A portion was assigned of all that is;  
But chief Mæmæsyne did Maia's son  
Clothe in the light of his kind melochin -  
And as each god was honored had begun  
The in their order due & fit degrees  
Sung of his birth & being - and did more  
Apollo to unutterable love.

74

These words were venged with his swift design  
"You his for killing schemer well do you  
Deserve that fifty oars should regent  
Such must-o'ers as I have heard even now  
Comrade of fears - little contriving light  
One of your secrets I want gladly know  
Whether the glorious power you now shun  
Has folded up within you a - you better

75

Or whether mortal laughter or God inspire  
The power of unpremeditated song -  
Harmless and sweet sounds have - divine  
The Olympian gods & mortal men  
That such a strain of wonder, change, and  
And soul-awakening music sweet & strong

Get old I never hear except from these  
offspring, 'May, amidst the many!'

76  
What then, what shall what unimagined use  
That sacred & substantial has given  
By songs such power, for those who hear, say  
From these, the choirs of <sup>heaven</sup> of heaven  
Delight - a love & sleep - sweet sleep, I know  
No sweeter than the balmy sleep of even -  
And if, who speak this praise am that  
The hymns of hymns can ever follow

77  
And thus delight is dance & the <sup>little</sup> little  
Spring over flowing pray -  
And sweet even as under the hand of a  
Of hills that fills the clear air, thrillingly  
But now in my inmost soul rejoice  
In this day work & joy to fill every  
It is now I wonder at the <sup>son</sup> son of man  
The asking & the song are so, as time

78  
Now since thou wast, though so very small  
I once was so glorious, thus I swear  
For the corner-stone can be laid

Witness between us what I promise thee—  
That I will lead thee to the Olympic  
Pavement & mighty, with thy Mother dear  
And many glorious gifts in joy will give thee  
And even at the end will never cease to

79  
So when thou Mercury with prudent speech  
"Widely hast thou enquired of my skill:  
I sendy thee nothing I know to teach  
Every this day. For both in word & will  
I would be gentle with thee, thou canst learn  
All things in thy wise spirit, & thy will  
Is highest in Heaven among the sons of Jove  
Who loves thee in the fulness of his love.

80  
The counsellor Supreme has given to thee  
Diversest gifts, out of the <sup>ample</sup> multitude  
Of his profuse & exhaustless treasury;  
By thee to see and the depths are understood  
Of his far voice; by thee the mystery  
Of all oracular fates, & the dread mood  
Of the divine is breathed up—across  
A child—perceive thy might & majesty



Then can't seek out & compass all that we  
 can find or teach - yet since thou wilt come take  
 thy turn - be mine the glory giving it -  
 Strike the sweet chords, & sing aloud, & wake  
 thy joyous pleasure out of many a fit  
 Of heavy slumber - & with thy flat fingers make  
 thy hand raised comrades ~~throb~~ <sup>throb</sup> with thee,  
 & can both measure music eloquently.

Then bear it boldly to the secret land  
 Love waiting dead on faint <sup>state</sup> ~~state~~ <sup>state</sup> ~~state~~  
 A joy by night or day - for thou endow'd  
 With art & wisdom who interrogate  
 A teacher, babbling in delightful mood  
 All things which make the spirit most  
 Soothing the mind with sweet <sup>state</sup> ~~state~~ <sup>state</sup> ~~state~~  
 Making the heavy shadows of day

& thou who art unskilled in its sweet tongue  
 Although they should question most in <sup>state</sup> ~~state~~ <sup>state</sup> ~~state~~  
 Its hidden soul, if ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~gossip~~ <sup>gossip</sup> something wrong  
 Some seriously & imperfectly apply

But then who art as wise as thou art Theng  
Can compass all that thou desirest. I

Present thee with this music-flowing shield  
Knowing thou'lt cast in tergo at it well

84

And let us two kneepath together fed  
On the green mountain slope & pastoral  
The heads in litigation - they will breed  
Quickly enough to recompense our pain  
If to the bull & cow we take you lead -  
And then, though somewhat overfond of you  
Scudge me not half the profit - having spent  
The shield he prospered, & Apollo took

85

And gave him in return the glittering bag  
Resplending him as red men - from the <sup>look</sup> eyes  
Of Mercury then laughed a joyous flash -  
And then Apollo with the plectrum struck  
The chords, & from beneath his hands a  
Of mighty sounds <sup>crack</sup> burst up, where music  
He soul with sweetest, as of an <sup>sharp</sup> adept  
His smother voice a just accordance kept



86

He had went wandering o'er the divine  
 whilst these most beautiful sons of Jupiter  
 bore their swift way up to the sunny head  
 of white Olympus, with the joyful hue  
 attending their journey; & their father dear  
 gathered them both into Samishin  
 Affection sweet, - & then & now & soon  
 Hermes ~~bring~~ <sup>gave</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> of the golden quiver

87

To whom he gave the lyre that sweetly sounds  
 which skilfully he held & played thereon -  
 He piped the while, & far & wide rebranded  
 The echo of his pings every one of  
 Of the Olympians sat with joy attending  
 which he conceived another piece of fun  
 one of his old tricks - when the god of day  
 Perceiving said "I fear there is of May

88

I fear thee & thy by cunning spirit  
 dost thou challenge that my eye & wisdom see;  
 His glory & power thou dost from me inherit  
 I took all craft when the ~~earth~~ <sup>world</sup> below

Thyves love I ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> thee it is thy merit  
To make all mortal business else & thou  
By witness; Now Hermes if you dare  
By sacred Hys a mighty oath to swear  
89

That you will never rob me; you will do  
A thing extremely pleasing to my heart  
Then Mercury swam by the Tygian den  
That he would never steal his bow or darts  
Or ~~lose~~ <sup>lose</sup> his hands or what to him was dear  
Or ever would employ his power against  
~~Against his person~~ <sup>Against his person</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~person~~ <sup>person</sup>. Then Phobos  
There was no god or man whom he had sworn

90  
And I will give thee as a good with token  
The beautiful wand of wealth & happiness  
A perfect three-leaved rod of gold unbroken.  
Whose magic will the pot-steps can help  
And whatsoever by Ives voice is spoken  
Gently or divinely from its ~~abundance~~  
It, like a loving soul to thee will speak  
And more than this do thou forbear to seek

91

For, dearest child, the dominions high  
Which thou requiest, 'tis unlawful ever  
That thou or any other Deity  
Should understand — and vain were the endeavor  
For they ~~were~~ <sup>are</sup> hidden in foresight, & I  
In trust of them have sworn that I would never  
Betray the counsels of Jove's inmost will  
To any God — the oath was terrible

92

Then, Golden-hand or brother, ask me not  
To speak the fates by Jupiter designed  
But be it mine to tell their various lot  
If the unnumber'd tribes of human kind  
Let good to these & ill to them be wrought  
As I dispense, — but he who comes consign'd  
By voice & wings of perfect augury  
To my great shrine shall find avail in me

93

Shin wilt? I art deciev'd, but will abide  
That he who comes relying on such birds  
As ~~beasts~~ <sup>creepers</sup> vainly, who would strain & twist  
The union of the joints with idle words  
Shall deem them knowledge's light — he shall have <sup>truth</sup>



His road - whilst I among my other board  
His gifts depose it - yet, O son of May  
I have more than the wisdom thing to say

94

There are three late, their virgin sister, who  
Rejoicing in their wind-outfeeding wing,  
Their heads with flour & manna white & new  
Sit in a vale round which Parnassus frown  
In circling skirts - from them I have heard the  
Vaticinations of unnoted things.  
My father could not. Whilst they search out do  
They sit apart & feed on honey combs

95

They, having eaten the fresh honey, grow  
Drunk with divin enthusiasm, & utter  
With curses & willing rep. the truth they know;  
But if deprived of that sweet food they utter  
All plaintive delusions - these to you  
I give, if you enquire they will not shatter -  
Delight your own soul with them - any more  
You would instruct, may profit, if he can

96

Like thee & the fierce oaken Maia's stud —  
 On many a horse & toil enduring made  
 For jagged-fanged lions, & the wild  
 White-throated boar, on ally by fire or frost  
 Of cattle which the mighty Mother maid  
 Promises on her bosom — thou shalt rule —  
 Thou dost atone the veil from death uplift —  
 Thou givest rest — yet this is a great gift

97

Thus King Apollo loved the child of May  
 In truth, & Iove covered them both with his  
 Herms with gods & men even from that day  
 Ringed, & wrought the latter me-hannay,  
 And little profit wandering far astray,  
 Through the dawn night. Farewell delightful Boy  
 Of Iove & Maia sprung — now by me  
 Nor thou nor other songs shall unconsumed be.

---



145

To the Lord Chancellor

1  
Thy country's curse is on thee, dark'st it crest  
Of that foul, knotted, many-headed Worm  
Which rends our mother's womb — Driest thy Pest!  
Mashed resurrection of a buried Form!

2  
Thy country's curse is on thee — Justice sold,  
Truth trampled, Nature's landmarks overthrown  
And heaps of fraud-accumulated gold  
Plead, wad as thunder, at Destruction's throne  
And <sup>whelp</sup> that sure slow Angel with eye stand  
Watching the book of Mutability  
Shouting <sup>delays to execute</sup> ~~not delay~~ to do her high commands  
And, <sup>through</sup> ~~what~~ a Nation weeps, gives time & then  
parents-father's

3  
Let a father's curse be on thy soul,  
And let a father's <sup>parents'</sup> hope be on thy tomb,  
Be both, on thy grey head, a leaden cowl  
To weigh thee down to Kingsgate <sup>approaching</sup> door



(147) By the false cant which on their <sup>important</sup> ~~dearest~~ life  
Must hang like poison upon an opening vein  
By the dark creeds which come with ecology  
Their pathway from the cradle to the tomb

By all the ten <sup>11</sup> ~~impious~~ <sup>impious</sup>  
By the most ~~fabulous~~ <sup>fabulous</sup> hell, & all its terrors  
By all the grief the madness & the gain  
By those ~~impurities~~ <sup>impurities</sup>, which <sup>must</sup> ~~will~~ be their <sup>everlasting</sup> ~~end~~  
That stand on which they ~~totter~~ <sup>stand</sup> ~~down~~ <sup>down</sup>

By the <sup>12</sup> ~~complicity~~ <sup>complicity</sup> with lust & hate  
By thirst for tears - thy hunger & thy greed  
By ready fraud which ~~ever~~ <sup>ever</sup> on the waste  
The servile arts in which thou hast grown

By the most <sup>13</sup> ~~bellying~~ <sup>bellying</sup> sneer, & by thy ~~smile~~ <sup>smile</sup>  
By all the snares & nets of thy black clan  
And - for thou canst outwrest the crocodile  
By thy false tears - those milk-milk brains

By all the <sup>14</sup> ~~heart~~ <sup>heart</sup> which ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> a ~~million~~ <sup>million</sup> ~~times~~ <sup>times</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~much~~ <sup>much</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~cheek~~ <sup>cheek</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~child~~ <sup>child</sup>  
By all the ~~coron~~ <sup>coron</sup> which ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> a ~~million~~ <sup>million</sup> ~~times~~ <sup>times</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~much~~ <sup>much</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~cheek~~ <sup>cheek</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~child~~ <sup>child</sup>

15  
 No, the Slopian which had a father groan  
 I am any longer call my children mine -  
 The blood within their veins may be mixed close  
 But, Grant, their polluted soul is thine -  
 16

I care thee, thou art. Hate thee not. <sup>Time</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~place~~ <sup>place & suffer</sup>  
If thou couldst grieve that <sup>which</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~happens~~ <sup>happens</sup> well.  
~~Heaven~~ <sup>Heaven</sup> ~~has~~ <sup>has</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~their~~ <sup>their</sup> ~~cravels~~ <sup>cravels</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~grave~~ <sup>grave</sup>  
His curse shall be a blessing - I am in well

By those unpractised accents of young speech  
Which he who is a father thought to frame  
To gentler love, such as the wisest teach -  
Then strikes the lyre of mind! - oh grief & shame!

By all the happy & on that un growth  
That undeveloped flower of budding years --  
Sweetness & sadness interwoven both,  
Some of the sweetest hopes & saddest fears



Corpses are cold in the tomb—  
 Stones on the pavement are dumb—  
 Abortions are dead in the womb <sup>like death</sup>—  
 And their mothers look pale <sup>like the white shroud</sup>  
 Of Albin, free no more!

Her sons are as stones in the way—  
 They are masses of senseless clay—  
 They are trodden & more trodden away;  
 The abortion with which she travaileth  
 Is Liberty smitten to death.—

Thou haughty & dense Oppressor  
 For thy victim is so despoor  
 Thou art son Lord & possessor  
 Of her corpse & <sup>clad</sup> ~~her~~ & abortions— they pray  
 Thy path to the grave

Dearest thou the festival din  
 of Death & Destruction & Sin  
 And wailing crying Woe! within  
 In the Bacchanal triumph <sup>with</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>make</sup> ~~make~~  
 Their Epithalamium—



Age, many the ghastly trip  
Let Fear & Disquiet & Strife  
Spread thy couch in the chamber of life  
Many Queen then Tyrant! & God be thy guide  
To the bed of the bride

### Song

Is it night? ah no, the <sup>hour</sup> ~~night~~ is in  
Which seems there it should unite—  
Let us remain together still  
Then it will be good night.

How should I call the <sup>can</sup> ~~hour~~ night, ~~at~~  
Though the sweet wishes win its flight—  
Be it not said, thought, understood;  
Then it will be, good night.

To  
The hearts which near each other move  
From evening close to morning light  
The night is good—because they love.  
They never say good night.

## Sonnet

Go hasten to the dead! What seek ye there?

Ye restless thoughts & busy purposes

Of the idle brain, which the world's living wear?

O then quick heart which pantest to possess  
All that anticipation, resign the fair!

That vain & curious mind which wouldst grasp

Whence thou didst come & whither thou must go

And that which never yet was known words

O whither hasten ye - that thus ye press

With such swift feet ~~of~~ life's green & pleasant

Larking alike from happiness & woe

A refuge in the cavern of grey death?

O heart & mind & thoughts! what thing do you

Hope to inherit in the grave below?



3 Baller  
 Young Pomeroy  
 A dog was seen to be at his gate  
 Feeding his hound with bread;  
 Much after much, the men best ate  
 Mowing his tail & his head.

A woman came up with a babe at her breast  
 Which was flamed with toil & hunger.  
 She cried - "Give me food or give me rest  
 We die if I wait much longer. -

"The poor thing says & no milk will come  
 He would cry, but his strength is gone,  
 His wailing weakness has left him down  
 Ye can hardly hear him moan

The skin round his eyes is pale & thin—  
His eyes are glazed—not with tears—  
I wish for a little moment that you  
could know what a mother fears.

Give me a grain of that fine white bread  
I would give you some blood for it—  
Before I faint & my infant is dead—  
O give me a little bit

When it was told, that twilight of yore  
Which my warmer gives to me—  
All the winter nights on my bower, as it  
It lay, as his heart ~~could~~ <sup>might</sup> be.

Now the single blanket of this dreary room  
Which we both used to share  
Is gone—the rain drenches us though they  
And I mean, but no longer care



"What with it avails me to go to bed  
This lean body squallid & with?  
And yet by the God who made me I'd  
If I could but save my child

"Perhaps you would like — but alas you  
A thin & a holy man, —  
And if you were not — with any one else  
For these hints so <sup>meagre</sup> ~~poor~~ & wan —

"Oye, oye — one as rich & as grave as you  
One found them a dear delight  
I scarce think he would be as cruel  
If he saw them in this sad plight

"Give me bread — my hot bones grow  
I'll lean down the garden gate  
I'll fight with the dog; — I'll lean from  
The crust which he just has ate —

But, consider that God who created us  
meant this for a world of love —  
Remember the story of Lazarus,  
you speak to the people of —

And upon my soul I begin to think  
There is joy beyond all pleasure  
To sit up in Heaven, & see you drink  
In Hell, ~~your~~ own bad measure.

<sup>will you</sup> You may say God said it to frighten the rich  
the will only damn the poor.  
The <sup>the</sup> deadly sins are above them which  
there are many temptations for —

Go down, the great Power has made a call  
such as we men to be —  
And then to damn us; the thing is? impossible  
His justice & charity.

"And yet I cannot <sup>imagine</sup> ~~think~~ how we  
can call him just & good;  
When he sends a wretched woman like me  
To a man, who you, for good.

"O God! this poor dear child do I  
At <sup>thy</sup> ~~your~~ command bear & cherish—  
Thou bid'st us receive & multiply—  
And our tyrants bid us perish,—

"Water, 'Water,' & head & heart!  
A little more of head!—  
My own dear baby is dying I fear—  
And I— I hope— am dead."

"The selfish man of God with a smug face  
To the golden wicket passed  
And he saw the woman had fallen down  
With her face upon her <sup>belly</sup> ~~breast~~ <sup>waist</sup> ~~side~~.

lay  
The child ~~was~~ as stiff as a frozen star  
On <sup>in</sup> the woman's white cold breast—  
And the person in its dead features  
His own to the truth expressed <sup>was</sup>

He turned from the faded <sup>where heart was</sup> ~~beauty~~ <sup>harsh</sup> ~~harsh~~  
~~spirit~~ <sup>once it</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>glimpsed him as the</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>left</sup>  
He turned from the life which no longer <sup>the</sup> ~~was~~  
From the eyes that no longer <sup>the</sup> ~~kept~~ <sup>kept</sup>—

On the ~~face~~ <sup>face</sup>

Becomes the  
More than <sup>the</sup> ~~eyes~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~see~~

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